friends ! The paying public will, I think, decide favourably."

Henry never cared much for society, as the saying is—but as host in the Beefsteak Room he thoroughly enjo3[7]ed himself, and every one who came to his suppers seemed happy! Every conceivable type of person used to be present—and there, if one had the *mind,*[1] one could study the world in little.

One of the liveliest guests was Sir Francis Burnand—who entirely contradicted the theory that professional comedians are always the most gloomy of men in company.

A Sunday evening with the Burnand family at their home in The Bottoms was a treat Henry Irving and I often looked forward to—a particularly restful, lively evening. I think a big family—a "party" in itself—is the only ″ party " I like. Some of the younger Burnands have greatly distinguished themselves, and they are all perfect dears, so unaffected, kind, and genial.

Sir Francis never jealously guarded his fun for *Punch.* He was always generous with it. Once when my son had an exhibition of his pictures, I asked Mr. Burnand, as he was then, to go and see it or send some one on Mr. Punch's staff. He answered characteristically I

" WBITEFMARS,
"LONDON,
E.C.

" MY DEAR ELLEN TERRY,—

<* Delighted to see your hand—'
wish your face -were
with it' (Shakespeare).

" Remember me (Shakespeare again—'
Hamlet') to our Sir

Henry. May you both live long and prosper 1

[1] " Wordsworth says he could "write lite Shakespeare if he had the *mind.* Obviously it is only the miad that is lacking."—Charles Lamb's Letters.